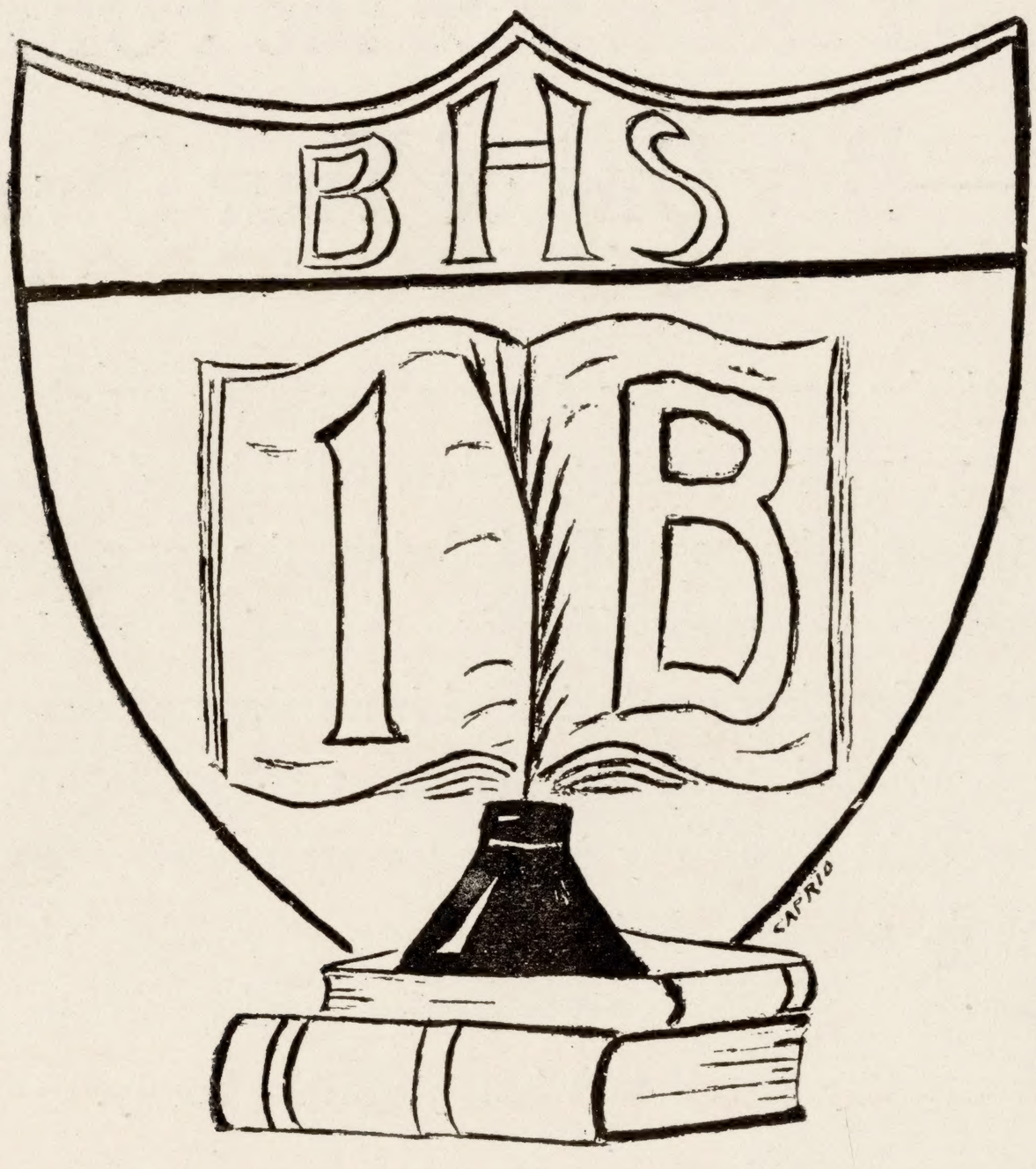
THE ACROPOLIS



FEBRUARY, 1921

"Don't Sit and Watch the FORDS Go By—Buy One of Your Own"

As usual, the demand for Fords exceeds the supply. As usual, the man who puts off ordering to-day, will be disappointed to-morrow. As usual, the cozy Ford Sedan, the snug Coupelet, the chummy Runabout, the roomy Touring car and the serviceable One-Ton Truck rank first in popularity with millions of people all over the world. Equipped with self-starter, electric lights, and de-mountable rims, the Ford car is the lowest priced fully equipped automobile on the market. With prices on all models of Fords back to the pre-war level, there is no excuse for putting off the inevitable. Use the 'phone to-day to tell us when you'll be ready.

Fischer's Auto Sales Co.

534 Springfield Ave. Newark, N. J.

Phone Wav. 322

THE HOUSE OF
QUICK SERVICE
ELECTRICAL
Material and Appliances
HOME OR FACTORY
If it's ELECTRICAL - We have it
NEWARK ELECTRICAL
SUPPLY CO.
223 MARKET STREET
"NEXT TO THE CHURCH"
Newark, N. J.
Phone 9240 Market
Catalogue on Request

P. I. C. A. A.

MEMBER OF A.A.U.

An Athletic Association
of about three thousand members who
are actively enjoying these sports

TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS
BASEBALL BASKETBALL
SWIMMING FISHING
TENNIS GOLF

INDOOR GAMES OF VARIOUS KINDS, INCLUDING GOLF, BASKETBALL, HANDBALL TENNIS, QUOITS, CHESS, CHECKERS, ETC.

BOWLING PHOTOGRAPHY
THEATRICALS DANCES
SMOKERS

The Prudential Insurance Co. Athletic Association welcomes those who decide to take up life insurance as a career.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN
President

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

HOME OFFICE
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper By the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

February, Nineteen Hundred Twenty One

	Page
EDITORIALS	4
HONOR ROLL	5
SCHOOL DIRECTORY	5
"ISIS AND OSIRIS"—By Prof. Cosmo Higginbottom	6
"THE WHITE AIRPLANE"—By Willard Cummins	7
"COBRA'S VENOM"—By Julius Yadkowsky	9
"SCIENCE"—By S. Mills Blodgett	11
SCHOOL NEWS	12
FACULTY NOTES	14
HOCKEY	14
"WELL, MR. BONES"	15
THE WETELLU DEPARTMENT	15
SOCIETY NOTES	17
BOOK REVIEW	19

THE ACROPOLIS

Entered as Second-class matter October 8, 1917, at the post office at Newark, N. J., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF THE PUPILS OF THE BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL. SUBSCRIPTION BY MAIL $1.75 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 20 CENTS EACH. FOR ADVERTISING RATES ADDRESS THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

Contributions are solicited from the students and graduates of this school. All matter intended for publication must be submitted to the editor before the first of the month in which it is to appear. The Acropolis Box will be found in the office and is for the reception of notes and personals.

VOL. XXI. OFFICE: BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL SANCTUM, NEWARK, N. J. No. 6

Editor-in-Chief, FRED A. FROST

Associate Editor, HARLAN S. DE VOE

Business Manager, BERNARD SICHEL

LITERATURE ..... *Stuart Blodgett, Ch.*, *Clement Golden*, *Eleanor Reynolds*, *Catherine Williams*, *Willard Cummins*, *Julius Yadkowsky*

PERSONALS ..... *Anne Bishop, Ch.*, *Sam Chaslow*, *Robert Mezger*, *Kathryn Elkins*, *Elizabeth De Voe*

ATHLETICS ..... *Lewis Westreich, Ch.*, *Wallace Fern*, *Edward Stevens*, *Ruth E. Soden*, *George Haight*

FACULTY ..... *Mr. Morris L. Barr, Literary Adviser*, *Mr. George W. Stone, Treasurer*

SCHOOL NEWS ..... *Mary Margaret Barr, Ch.*, *Anne Dillingham*, *Jean Muchmore*, *Jean Morrill*, *Imre Domonkos*

GRADUATE NOTES ..... *Emma Ziegler, Ch.*, *Betty H. Holland*

EXCHANGES ..... *Margaret Kohn, Ch.*, *Mildred Green*, *Marion Knight*, *Robert Metcalfe*

ART ..... *Franklin Chattin, Ch.*, *Richard Bevenetto*, *Raymond Bouchalle*, *Melita Ahl*

Circulation Manager ..... *WM. PERRY*

Ass't Business Managers ..... *MARGARET DURAND*, *GWINNELL COIT*

NEWARK, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1921

TO THE 1B'S.

Once again Barringer has received its quota of 1B's and this time it is certainly a full quota. There is an old song which says, "As the flowers need the sunshine, so I need you." Well, that is just the way with Barringer and the 1B's. "As Barringer needs the 4A's, so Barringer needs you, the 1B's."

THE ACROPOLIS takes this means to acquaint you with certain rules and regulations in order that your life in this school may be more successful and happy. You must remember that you are no longer boys and girls, but that you are young ladies and gentlemen and must act as such. You must learn that the basement is not a court, that you cannot play tag in the corridors and that you must not holler and shriek in the classrooms. You must always keep in mind that room 23 is sacred and holy to the male teachers of the faculty and that whatever student enters there might just as well abandon all hope; that Chief will not bite you; that the elevator is only for those who are physically incapacitated; that the office is in room 108, and that the clock on the front of the school never goes.

We are sure that if you do not forget any of these things, you will make an ideal student.

GRIN AND BEAR IT.

At this time we do not know what the success of the half-session plan will be. To speak plainly, we do not like it, but we have carefully thought the matter over and have decided that we can do only one thing—"grin and bear it." The principal reason why we do this is because Mr. Stearns asks it. We are confident that it was not of his choosing and that he will do away with it as soon as possible. Think it over, fellow-students, and be glad you have a school to come to. With this in mind, let us adopt for our slogan, "GRIN AND BEAR IT."

EDITING.

Editing is a nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-headed. If we don't, they say we are foolish. If we don't publish original matter, they say we are too lazy to write. If we do, they say that it is terrible. If we don't

go to church, we are heathens. If we do, we are hypocrites. If we remain in the Sanctum, we ought to be out looking for news items. If we go out, then we are not attending to business. Now what is one going to do? Just as likely as not some one will say we stole this from an exchange. So we did.

HONOR ROLL FOR JANUARY.

4A Room 26. Joseph George, Marguerite Rusby, Dorothy Simmons, Dorothy Stone, Louise Urquhart, Dorothy Kitchin, Max Lazarus, Jean Miller.

4B Room 45. Rosalie Lewitt, George Owen, Margret Randall, Albert Rosenberg, Ida Lewis.
Room 51. Mary Margaret Barr, Stewart Blodgett, Eleanor Byers, Constance Carpenter, William Koester, Margaret Kohn, Milton Mankowitz.
Room 55. Annie Dillingham, Helen Finn, Bertha Gordinier, Marion Knight, Emma Ziegler.
Room 65. Arthur Hyman, Leonore Muller, Blanche Nixon.

3A Room 31. Benjamin Resnick, Theodore Rissell, Saul Siff, Eli Silberfeld.
Room 91. Imre Domonkos, Kathryn Elkins, Florence Haas, Melita Ahl.
Room 63. Solomon Elsky, Gordon Hart.

3B Room 25. Lawrence Burgyes, Ben Cohn, Joseph Flanagan, Roland Heyer, Fairlie McNear, Thelma Ruffkess, Henry Venus.
Room 37. Harold Jayson.
Room 67. Jean Hayes, Esther Obertrifter, Matthias Neiss, Franklin Steiger.
Room 59. David Gladstone, Helen Mawha, Marie Nugent.

2A Room 41. John Ely, Jeannette Peiffer, Ellen Pfaff, Helene Rosenstreter.
Room 43. Benjamin Shill, Stanley E. Smith.
Room 60. Philip Field, Harry Jefferies.
Room 87. Richard Graf.
Room 76. Sara Wechstein.

2B Room 50. Alice Smith.
Room 56. Thedwig Hass, Kelvin Krist, Frederick Wolpert.
Room 38. Gertrude Day.
Room 61. John Single, Anita Thomas, Eleanor Wilsey.
Room 69. Elizabeth Call, Eleanor Carbery, Dorothy Vernet.

1B Room 3. Helen Breitsprecher.
Room 39. Rowland Reeve.
Room 82. Elfrieda Barton, Wheeler Coult, Warren Condit, Samuel Owen, Florence See.
Room 66. Irma Billig, Margaret Blake, Mildred Feintuch, Mildred Huff, Estelle Kopin, Esther Neiss, Eva Vogel.
Room 93. Walter Walsh.

BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL.

MORNING SESSION.

Mr. W. E. Stearns
Miss H. B. Dean
25. Mr. R. Mezger
26. Mr. W. W. King
27. Miss K. E. Rudd
31. Mr. F. I. Losee
32. Mr. F. Crosse
33. Mr. R. F. Haulenbeek
35. Miss M. L. Hewitt
36. Mr. R. R. Ammarell
37. Mr. R. H. Hart
39. Miss G. L. Darnell
41. Mr. A. V. Taylor
42. Mr. Wm. Milwitzky
43. Mr. H. G. Snavely
45. Mr. A. Johnson
50. Miss N. Hill
51. Mr. M. L. Barr
53—Library. Miss Dow
55. Miss H. M. Coult
56. Miss C. I. Pullin
57. Mr. A. D. Zweibel
59. Miss K. F. Belcher
61. Mr. J. M. Wood, Jr.
65. Miss Rennard
66. Mrs. O. Caspart
67. Mr. G. W. Stone
69. Miss P. M. Weiss
76. Miss P. J. Rowden
77. Mr. W. J. Dumm
Lab. Miss H. Tunstead
82. Mr. J. W. Stevens
85. Miss E. Hardin
1. Mr. W. B. Gardner
2. Mrs. A. A. Vreeland
18. Mr. C. F. Stonesifer
90. Mr. R. B. Saylor
Lab. Miss H. Clarke
96. Miss V. G. Bishop
97. Miss P. J. Rowden
98. Miss E. Phillippi
99. Mr. W. L. Noll
Gym. Miss A. L. Patrick
" Miss C. E. Decker
" Mr. W. G. Broadhead
" Mr. L. H. Field
" Mrs. M. E. Gracie

AFTERNOON SESSION.

57. Mr. D. H. Shortell
59. Mr. H. M. Dann
60. Mr. B. S. Haggett
63. Miss G. S. Grork
65. Miss L. M. North
67. Miss A. M. Tozer
69. Miss P. M. Weiss
75. Miss C. S. Romer
76. Mr. P. Nicklas
81. Mr. I. K. Ellis
82. Mr. H. Pritchard
83. Mr. P. J. Sanders
85. Miss T. Skidmore
86. Miss Mancusi-Ungaro
87. Miss E. W. Peck
91. Mr. Nappi
92. Miss R. S. Brettle
93. Miss E. C. Zangler
95. Miss M. H. Price
Lab. Miss E. Hummel

MELANCHOLY DAYS.

(As recited by a man with a severe cold.)

Chilly Dovebber with his icy blast
Dow add strips the beddow add the lawd,
Eved October's suddy days are past
Add Subber's gawd.
Add, now, farewell to roses add to birds,
To rollig fields add tigkligg streablets eke;
Farewell to all ardiculated words
I fain would speak.

—Ex.

ASK DAD.

Farmer's Scout Son—Don't you like shoit tramps?

Farmer—No. Nor tall ones, either.

ISIS AND OSIRIS

By Prof. Cosmo Higginbottom.

[Editor's note: This is the second in a series of extracts from the diary of Professor Cosmo Higginbottom, Ph.D., LL.D., D.D.]

March 1. This is the first of the month. The rent must be paid, the grocery and butcher bills met, and numerous other pecuniary matters adjusted. But, alas! I have not the wherewithal. I have always considered financial matters of picayune importance, but I see now my mistake. I should have saved. For that matter, a college professor's salary is not so great that, after feeding, dressing and housing a family of three, there is an excessive surplus remaining to be saved. In truth, financial difficulty is the eczema on the face of philosophy. It is always breaking out.

March 4. I am discouraged. It is getting increasingly difficult to keep afloat, financially speaking. I have, it is true, managed for this month, but next month may wreck my fragile bark. But still, one must be optimistic, must not one? To quote an oft-repeated and consequently vulgar admonition, "Smile, darn you, smile." I am afraid, however, that I can only break into a sickly grin. Ah, me!

March 10. I cannot endure this constant worry over money. I would that I might peer into the future, and do away with all this uncertainty. But that is impossible, I suppose.

March 11. To-day, while walking down Rankin Road, I saw in large embossed letters, the invitation, "HAVE THE FUTURE TOLD." I wonder if I might receive some aid from that source. I might, at that.

March 12. I have made up my mind that I will "have the future told."

March 14. To-day I visited the establishment in Rankin Road. It is run by a dark-skinned Egyptian named Allah Khaart and his just-as-dark-skinned assistant, Khlaamh Chowdah. On the outside, the building is not very pretentious, but inside it is of an exotic Oriental grandeur draped with billowing silks and inscribed with mystic hieroglyphics. There is a large anteroom containing Oriental rugs to sit on, Egyptian hookahs from which to smoke and a large Nubian slave. I surveyed with interest these surroundings, as I am somewhat interested in Egyptian objects [Editor's note: Prof. Higginbottom has written four books on this subject.] and my wait before entering the inner chamber was by no means uninteresting. After making a donation to Isis and Osiris in the form of a five-dollar bill, I seated myself on my haunches on a rug opposite Allah Khaart. Between us there was a crystal ball upon a golden tripod. Allah Khaart then invoked the gods in a sing-song mumbling tone, to rend the veil of the future and disclose to mortal eyes the events as yet unborn. We both gazed fixedly at the crystal ball and soon there materialized from nothing the exact reproduction of a bill of United States currency. I thought that this meant that I would have to placate the gods with another fee and was about to rise, when Allah Khaart said to me, "You will receive, before the next month, a large sum of money." I am overjoyed. At last, worry has ceased to gnaw at my vitals.

March 15. I have not yet received the "large sum of money," but there is still plenty of time.

March 17. It has not yet arrived, but I am living in hope. It is sure to come.

March 20. Not yet.

March 23. It is high time that my money should arrive. But "hope springs eternal in the human breast."

March 25. Not yet.

March 26. Not yet. I wish it would come.

March 27. Not yet.

March 28. Not yet. Only three more days remain. I tremble with worry. I must do something, or this anxiety will drive me mad. I think that I shall go to see Allah Khaart and Khlaamh Chowdhah to-morrow.

March 29. To-day I went to see them and as the door was open I walked into the anteroom. There was no one there. I waited there awhile, waiting for some one to come. At last, I could stand it no longer. Anxiety overcame me. I advanced to the inner chamber. I was about to enter when some indefinable something deterred me. I went back to the anteroom. There was still no one there, and I sat down and tried to compose myself. But I could not be composed. My nervous tension was great. Finally, I could not quell my anxiety, so I arose and advanced nervously to the inner chamber. Again, on its threshold, that something assailed me. I pushed it aside, however, as foolish and opened the curtain very slightly, and, peering through the aperture thus formed, saw, seated opposite Allah Khaart, a richly dressed woman who was gazing intently into the crystal. But the sight which made me recoil with a stifled exclamation was that of Khlaamah Chowdhah, protected by the shadow of a curtain, kneeling behind the woman, and, skillfully but rapidly, stripping her of every piece of jewelry that she was wearing. I hastened back through the anteroom, scarcely stopping on the way to grab my hat and overcoat, and went immediately to the Police Precinct. I explained to the Lieutenant in broken words what I had seen and hastened back with three policemen. We arrived just as the woman was leaving. She had not noticed her loss, but when we told her, she almost had hysterics until, upon

Continued on Page Twenty-nine.

THE WHITE AIRPLANE

By Willard Cummins.

Dusk had settled over the broad landing field of the eastern terminal of Airplane Mail Route No. 1. It seemed as if a huge blanket of blackness had been spread over all, and to one side rose the dark bulk of the hangar. The twinkle of the seemingly tiny electric bulbs scattered throughout the lofty hangar together with the piercing beams of several powerful searchlights outside seemed only to accentuate the all-pervading blackness. To one side of the wide entrance of the hangar were grouped the only persons visible—several pilots, their observers, a machinist, and a number of groundsmen.

"Lansdon is not keeping up to schedule," remarked one of the pilots.

"That's queer, he's seldom late," added a second.

"Blair is trying to locate him with the wireless, but there must be something wrong, for he hasn't received any answer yet," volunteered the machinist.

"If he doesn't come soon he'll have to put up the 'plane himself, orders or no orders," muttered a bolshevistically inclined groundsman. At that moment, Blair, the wireless operator, approached.

"I have just heard from O'Neil, Lansdon's observer, and he said that they are about ten miles away," said Blair. A few moments later a droning sound, increasing in volume, was heard overhead. A dark body flashed across the bright path of one of the searchlights' beams. A roar, several irregular explosions, and the big plane glided to earth, rolling some distance before stopping. Again the big air screws whirled, and, making a wide circle along the ground, the 'plane stopped before the hangar's entrance. Two men encased in heavy flying-suits leaped to the ground.

"Hello, Lansdon, what was the matter to-night?" greeted one of the group.

"I'll wager he was looking for the mysterious 'White Airplane' and forgot that he was supposed to be flying on mail 'plane schedule," laughed a sleepy-looking individual.

"Well, I didn't see the 'plane, but I flew near the place where it was last seen," Lansdon answered good-humoredly.

"You mean 'North Knob" in Pennsylvania, covered with a forest of tall white pine?" queried another.

"Yes," assented Lansdon.

"The bags are all loaded on the truck, Lieutenant," O'Neil, Lansdon's observer, reported.

"All right; that is all for to-night," replied Lansdon as he started for the flying station office to change his clothes and report.

The remaining groundsmen made the necessary arrangements for the night and then departed. All was silent save for the raucous snore of the night-watchman seated just inside the hangar. The huge, grotesque shadow of the airplane, its broad wings and tapering fusilage, in the semi-darkness of a lantern's rays, forced upon one's mind the thought that here was an unknown force by whose aid the sky's domain had already been invaded.

The following morning the customary bustle ensued—filling the 'planes' tanks with gas and oil, the general inspection of each motor and the vital controls, and tuning up. Lansdon had been ordered to report to the manager of the field, Major Sanderson.

"You did not run on schedule time yesterday, did you, Lieut?" queried the Major upon the former's entrance.

"No, sir, it seemed as if my engine would stall and I thought it necessary to hunt for a landing-place," was the answer.

"At what point did this happen?" the Major asked.

"Just after I had passed the summit of 'North Knob,'" Lansdon replied.

"I have been told that there is not a single clearing within twenty miles of there; it is all trees and more trees and I have heard that they are mostly white pine," said Sanderson.

"My brief search only confirmed that fact, sir," replied the Lieutenant.

"By the way, Lieut, is that the place where the 'White Airplane' has been seen?"

"Yes, sir, and the strangest fact about it is that this 'plane hovers around there only when there are very high winds, and North Knob is well known for its wind velocity on its summit," added Lansdon.

"That certainly is queer. It must be an altogether new type of 'plane that is able to land in a high wind in a forest," mused the Major.

"The 'plane has been seen only twice so far as any one knows, since no one lives within miles of the mountain, and both times it was seen just before sunset," said the pilot.

"Very well, Lieut, that is all now," put in the Major as he turned to his desk. As the mail 'plane flying between New York and Chicago and stopping at two intermediate points was scheduled to leave the eastern flying-field at eight-thirty A. M., Lansdon had a few minutes to spare before preparing for his flight. He encountered a fellow pilot at the hangar entrance and they fell to talking of the day's news.

"You've got to hand it to the counterfeiters for evading the law, Lansdon," said the other.

"I haven't read of any counterfeiting. Has a new band been discovered?" queried Lansdon.

"No, a band hasn't been discovered, but one must exist, and a troublesome one at that. A number of banks in California—that is, in San Franscisco, Sacramento, and Los Angeles, to be exact—have received counterfeit bills," explained the other pilot.

"The very fact that all the bills were found in California ought to help the government agents in narrowing down the case," put in Lansdon.

"O, pshaw, that doesn't prove anything——" began his brother pilot.

"Excuse me, but I've got to get ready for my 'hopping-off,'" broke in Lansdon.

"That's all right, I have to be going myself." Fifteen minutes later, after a thorough inspection, the twin motors were tuned up and Lansdon and O'Neil took their places. The roar of the motors rose higher and higher, till all at once the huge 'plane started forward with a lurch, and with increasing speed rolled along the ground a hundred yards or so, then rose gracefully into the air. Such is the daily routine of the aerial postman.

Several days later, Lansdon was again summoned before his superior officer. This morning a coldness and thoughtfulness replaced the Major's usual friendly manner. He glanced up abruptly at the Lieutenant's entrance and curtly nodded him to a chair.

"Lansdon," he began, "doubtless you have read or heard of the undertakings of a band of forgers and counterfeiters. At first it was thought that this gang operated only in the West, but evidence which has lately been discovered discounts this impression. The agents of two governmental departments, namely, the Secret Service and the Department of Justice, have pursued their search with unabated activity. After a lengthy search they have traced the bills as coming from a mail pouch in Chicago—one of the aero mail pouches! Of course, you understand the full meaning of this. It means that the entire aero-mail force is under suspicion, if not considered as being directly concerned, then at least as in league with the band. This department of government service is yet in its infancy and already the 'honor of its force' is questioned. As officers of this department we must do all that is possible to clear its reputation."

"To what extent have the agents gone in their search?" asked Langdon.

"They came here several times and examined the outgoing mail before it was loaded into the 'plane."

"But, sir, every mail bag is locked and sealed before leaving the post office, as you well know," put in the Lieutenant, in surprise.

"Yes, but that fact did not seem to help them any," the Major answered.

"Have they looked into our own personal bag that carries reports from station to station?" Lansdon asked.

"By Jove! come to think of it, one of them did mention that that was the very bag that the packages of bills were taken from each time," ejaculated Sanderson.

"Do you mean to say that our own bag is suspected of carrying counterfeit bills?" cried the pilot.

"The very one—and, furthermore, those bills were put into that bag after the 'plane left here and before it reached Chicago," stated the Major.

"Then those bills must have been put into the bag along with the reports from the aero-mail field at Cleveland," Lansdon excitedly exclaimed.

"Exactly," said Sanderson, "and for that reason I want you to go to Cleveland for a few days to look over the situation personally. What I have just told you is known to a very few persons, and since you have stopped off there occasionally, you will excite no curiosity. I have notified Cleveland to have another pilot there ready to complete your run to Chicago."

"Very well, sir," was the only reply.

During the days that followed the newspapers were full of the doings of the band in attempting to use the aero-mail service as an aid to their illegal traffic; and making all kinds of conjectures as to the methods employed. One morning, following a night in which the wind had raged with almost hurricane force, a peculiar malady seemed to have attacked all the newsboys in the big cities, causing them to become so much more active and their voices so much higher than usual that the attention of even the most disinterested passer-by was instantly claimed. On this particular morning the street corners echoed and re-echoed to their shrill tones crying:

"Ex-tra-a-a! Extra-a-a! A-all about the forgers captured by the airplane pilot!"

"Well done; that was fine work," greeted the Major, shortly after the above, smiling broadly as he shook hands with Lansdon.

"That's over with now," evaded the Lieutenant.

"Sit down and tell me all about it," Sanderson ordered.

"Well, sir, it was this way. In Cleveland I looked over the office force and decided that the office-boy was the one most likely to be used as a 'tool' by the forgers. At first I didn't learn anything new, but finally I found out that every evening the boy took a lantern and went to the flying-field about an hour and a half after dark. Here it seemed as if he were trying to signal the stars, until one rather windy night an airplane circled quite low and dropped a package. Of course I surmised what the package contained. Furthermore I had recognized the 'plane as the mysterious 'White Airplane.' Searching further, I found that this particular 'plane was own-

Continued on Page Twenty-three.

COBRA'S VENOM

By Julius Yadkowsky.

Perhaps if John Crawford hadn't been a personal friend of Charles Parker he would not have succeeded in getting the story in as much detail as he had. But as he knew Parker since he was a kid he took the opportunity of calling early in the morning to interview him for the "Chicago Herald," about the previous night's incident.

Parker was at breakfast when John called at ten o'clock that morning. In the short time he had to wait, he took a notebook from his pocket, laid it on his knee, and began to sharpen a pencil. He had just pocketed his knife, when Parker sauntered into the room.

In personal appearance Parker lives up to the reputation he had acquired at college as a first-class athlete and sportsman. He has a square bold chin. His nose is short and straight; his forehead good, but broad rather than high; his eyes blue. He is of medium height and has a pair of massive shoulders.

"Hello, John!" greeted Parker. "How's the 'Herald'?"

"O. K.! How are you after last night's tussle?" John questioned.

"Fine as ever," answered Parker; "and believe me, that infernal Hindu certainly was ferocious."

"That'll make the story all the more interesting," said Crawford, with a short laugh. "But come on,—I can't spend the whole day here. Spin your yarn."

Parker paid little attention to John's impatience. Finally he seated himself beside John and said, "Well, I'm ready."

"Fire away!" ordered Crawford somewhat dryly.

After a moment's hesitation, Parker began:

"Seven months ago, I was stationed with the American troops in Siberia. I was in Vladivostok when I received my discharge. I decided I would spend about three months in touring as many interesting places in that part of the world as I was able.

"At the end of the three months I was in Calcutta, where I expected to remain until I had seen everything that was novel. But this was a short time, for most of the sights were a repetition of those I had seen before in the few other large cities of India. So I made preparations for my trip to Hong-Kong, where I would get the boat for San Francisco. The boat for Hong-Kong was to leave on a Friday morning.

"It was the Thursday night before my departure. I was sitting in the lobby of the hotel at which I was staying, reading an English paper. A faker, who had evidently taken a bit of bhang (drug somewhat similar to opium), staggered up to me. From his blouse he drew out a black object about seven inches long and about four inches square. He offered this to me, saying, 'Two rupees, Sahib.'

"It was an ebony statuette of Buddha. There was nothing unusual about it. I had seen others like it displayed in the little shops or booths in which the Hindus sold their wares. But since I had not purchased one, I handed him two rupees and took it to my room. After I had locked it in the trunk in which I kept the curios I had collected during my tour, I returned to the lobby and resumed reading the paper.

"Ten minutes later the faker returned and to my infinite surprise demanded that I return the statuette. I did not care to take the trouble of going to my room and taking it from the trunk and therefore refused to do so. He insisted, but I again refused. His clamorous words attracted the attention of those who were present and they watched us with growing interest.

"He was about to threaten me, when there was a slight commotion at the door of the hotel and in a few moments the faker dropped in a lifeless heap at my feet. When the observers saw him fall, they all collected about him, and seemingly more curious than frightened, they asked me what had happened. I was unable to explain, but a clerk that had just rushed into the hotel came over and managed to tell us, though he had to stop every now and then to catch his breath, that a Hindu had shot something from a bow at the faker. He said he ran after the Hindu, who, immediately after the shooting had fled, but had lost trace of him in the dark streets.

"We placed the faker on a lounge and an English doctor that was among the observers rendered futile aid. He extracted from the faker's left shoulder a small arrow about eight inches long. He told us that the arrow, which had a very sharp point, had been dipped in cobra's venom. What he said conveyed nothing significant to my mind, for at that time I knew very little about the terrible effects of that poison. But I was soon to know a great deal more about it.

"The doctor had laid aside the arrow and was working over the faker. I picked it up and toyed with it, taking note at the same time of its unusual size. In doing so I accidentally pricked my finger on the sharp point.

"Suddenly I felt a terrible pain, as though somebody had dealt me a heavy blow on the head and neck. At the same time I felt an acute pain in the chest, as if a red-hot iron had been run in, and a weight pressed upon my heart and lungs. I guessed that I was poisoned and shouted to the doctor.

"He turned around just as I dropped the arrow and seeing me stagger he immediately understood what had happened. He gave me a large quantity of hartshorn (a solution of ammonia) in a tumbler mixed with a little water. It burned my mouth and lips badly but as I felt immediate relief I did not mind that. For weeks afterward I was ill and confined to my room. But I had had a very slight attack of this powerful poison. I began gradually to regain my strength and as soon as I was strong enough, I took short walks each day, accompanied by an Englishman whose acquaintance I had made.

"One day upon my return from one of these strolls I found my room had been ransacked. The contents of all the drawers in the room had been emptied on the floor. The clothes that were in the closet were also scattered about the place. The lock of the trunk in which I kept my curios had been tampered with. But, strange to say, nothing was missing and therefore I made no report to the manager of the hotel.

"When I had regained practically all my strength, I prepared once more for my homeward journey. My trip was a pleasant one and I enjoyed it immensely.

"Last night I returned from a theatre party at eleven-thirty o'clock. I retired at twelve. As I lay in bed thinking over the delightful evening I had spent, I heard the stairs creak. I jumped out of bed and opened the door of my bedroom just wide enough so as to be able to get a good views of the staircase. Whatever light there was came from the few moonbeams that poured their silvery light through the window, the curtains of which were partly drawn.

"I saw, ascending the stairs as stealthily as a cat, a figure clothed in a long cloak and in a turban. I had seen enough of them to recognize even in this poorly lighted place that the figure was that of a Hindu. I would have rushed out and pounced upon him but the sight of what he had in his hands restrained me.

"In his left hand he carried a small bow partly concealed by his cloak and in his right an arrow the exact size of the one that you will recall struck the faker. I watched him carefully until he passed through the portiers, hanging in the doorway of my study, which is opposite my bedroom.

"I opened my door very slowly lest it should make any noise and warn the cur. With equal precaution I crossed the corridor and watched him through the portiers, which I parted a little. He had laid the bow and arrow on the table and was making his way toward the fireplace. He stopped in front of it and extended his right arm. He took from the mantlepiece the little ebony statuette of Buddha which, with another curio, I had placed there for ornamental purposes.

"My mind was working as it never worked before. I began to ask myself numerous questions and to answer them one by one as quickly as I thought of them. 'Is it the statuette alone that he has come for? It is. How did he find it so readily? He has had some method of spying. Is the arrow on the table poisoned? Most assuredly it is.' That is how I questioned myself and I answered my questions according to the probability of them, rather than having thought them out. Now came the question that I found most important and hardest to answer, 'How am I to get hold of this Hindu without running up against a poisoned arrow?' I had no firearms in the house. But I hit upon a plan which I considered the best and perhaps the only one possible.

"The table was between the Hindu and myself and was equidistant from us both, but his back was turned toward me. I made a quick dash for the table and grabbed the arrow. Indeed, I did it with such celerity that by the time he turned around and realized the situation I was advancing toward him, clutching the arrow like a dagger and with my arm upraised ready to strike should he attempt to attack me. But I did my planning a little too hastily. I had not thought of one thing. With a hideous grin the Hindu drew forth from under his cloak another arrow that he had in his belt.

"When I saw this I stopped short. The Hindu took advantage of my sudden pause and made a dash for me. He thrust the hand in which he held the arrow at me but I caught it in mid-air and wrenched the arrow from it. I now had him at my mercy, but what I intended to do was to hand him over to the police. He must have thought I was going to kill him in cold blood, for he cried out in a pitiful voice, "Nay, sahib, do not kill me. I swear by 'the Enlightened One' (Buddha) that I will tell you why I wanted this,' and he pointed to the little statuette.

"In short, what he told me is this, that a ruby, which had been stolen from some Rajah, and which was as big as I ever had seen or hoped to see, was secreted in the statuette he referred to and could be taken out by removing the head of the image.

"Before I attempted to find the truth of what he had said I handed him over to the police. It may sound almost incredible, but what he said is true, for I have the ruby."

"I should say it would sound almost incredible and believe me, if it were anybody else that told me this," exclaimed Crawford, when Parker had finished, "I would not believe him unless he gave me clear proof."

"Wait a minute," said Parker, and he left the room.

He soon returned and handed Crawford a ruby as big as a fair-sized walnut. John held it

Continued on Page Twenty-three.

"SCIENCE"

By Stuart Blodgett.

It was a dark and dreary night on the west coast of Ireland. The roaring sea beat against the rocky shore with impotent fury, voicing its anger in ever-increasing billows. The heavens lowered. The rain beat with drum-like regularity on the quivering ground. Yes, it was a terrible night on the west coast of Ireland.

Not that that has anything to do with our story, however, for it is laid on the east coast of America, in New York, on a beautiful balmy morning in May. Dr. Hawley, the Great Scientist, rolled to a stop before the great Allworth building. He rolled on a round pebble on the sidewalk, which may account for the unscientific and uncomplimentary words which he uttered. He arranged his cravat, fixed his necktie, and made his way to the elevator. This lifted him from his bad spirits to the forty-second floor of the building. Then he ran down the stairs to the thirteenth floor. This was his morning exercise.

He strolled into his laboratory, which was complete with all the tools of science. He seated himself, drew from his drawer a fruit that is highly nutritious and which he ate every morning—the banana. The banana was soon eaten and the Great Scientific Genius took careful aim at the wastebasket and threw the peel at it. He missed it, but did not bother to pick it up.

"Watson," he called, "slip into the laboratory and get me some '*Anopheles*' specimens."

Watson, the perfect servant, slipped—on the banana peel.

"Aha!" said the Great Scientist. "You have slipped on the peel of the *Musa Sapientum.*"

"No, sir. I think not. It was a banana peel."

"The banana *is* the *Musa Sapientum.*"

"Oh! Beg pardon."

"That reminds me, Watson. I am going to undertake the greatest piece of vivisection ever attempted by the human race. If successful, the whole world will be affected; if not—but it will. It will. It will. It has got to be. It can be nothing else."

"Yes, sir."

"The whole success of the experiment, Watson, depends on the subject. She must be perfectly healthy. She must be young and vigorous, Watson. I want you to find for me as quickly as possible this perfect female."

"Yest, sir."

The Great Scientist rose and in so doing tore a small rent in his trousers.

"Quick, Watson, the needle."

. . . . . .

Fortune frowned upon the Great Scientist. Nowhere could he find a female that measured up to his specifications.

"Watson," said he, "this experiment is imperative. It will forever set at rest any disputes as to the thyroid gland's effect upon superinduced goiters of the exophthalmic genus and its relation to the esophagus of the female."

"Yes, sir."

"It must be made on a living subject——"

"But, sir, you would not kill——"

"In the cause of Science, I would do anything."

"Yes, sir."

"As I say, it must be made on a perfect specimen, so that nothing will possibly hinder its success."

"Yes, sir."

"Use any means at all, but get my subject."

"Yes, sir."

But the deed was harder than the word, for not a subject could be found that was perfectly perfect.

Finally, the Great Scientist grew desperate. He tore his hair on his bald head, he gnashed his false teeth. But to no avail.

One day as he was strolling down a little-used alley named Fifth Avenue, he saw ahead of him the very one. She was medium-sized, lithe, and beautiful. She glowed with rugged health.

"At last," thought he, "a really healthy female. I must get her."

He caught up with her and with little formality conducted her to his laboratory.

"Watson," he shouted, after giving her a painstaking examination, "she is the personification of Health. She is just what I want. Do you hear, Watson?"

"Yes, sir."

If he hadn't heard him, he should have been examined for deafness.

"I will perform the vivisection, Watson, in two days. I have some preparations to make and then all will be ready."

"Yes, sir."

For the next two days the victim was fed a special food and kept locked in the laboratory while the Great Scientist made his preparations.

"Watson, bring in the lancet."

"Yes, sir."

"And the ether."

"Yes, sir."

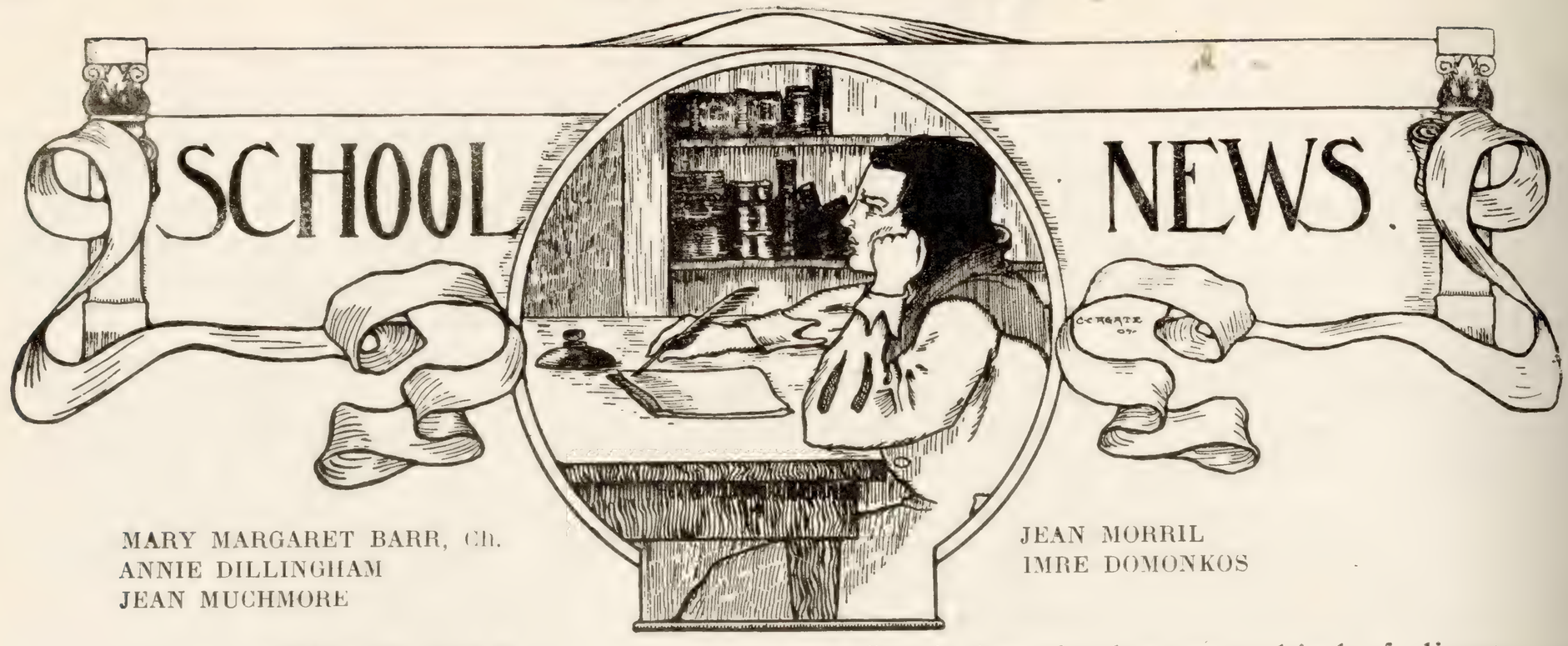
"Now, bring her in."

"Yes, sir."

Ah! At last the great moment had come.

Watson brought the victim. She saw the operating table, the knives, the other instruments. She screamed, she fairly clawed at her

Continued on Page Twenty-four.



MARY MARGARET BARR, Ch.
ANNIE DILLINGHAM
JEAN MUCHMORE

JEAN MORRIL
IMRE DOMONKOS

SCIENCE CLUB.

On January 11, Professor Trimble of the General Electric Company lectured on Liquid Air. As an introduction to the demonstrations with Liquid Air, he defined temperature and explained the molecular motion theory.

The following are a few of the most interesting demonstrations: a mercury hammer, a water kettle boiling on ice, a toy steam engine run by liquid air, a goldfish made as solid as a rock and restored to life again when placed in water.

Professor Trimble asked the audience to give him a hat. Hausling promptly handed his hat to the professor. The hat was used as a filter for the liquid air. Prof. Trimble then prepared cream and placed it over some canned heat. He next poured some of the filtered liquid air on the cream and in five minutes the cream became ice-cream. To prove that it was good ice-cream the professor ate a piece and offered some to the audience. In a short time we saw nothing but hands! hands! hands! reaching for a piece of ice-cream.

Just two days after Professor Trimble's lecture, some of the students and members of the faculty were fortunate enough to hear some first-hand information on South America from Dr. Rusby. Dr. Rusby told us about his first impressions of South America.

His geography had a map of New Jersey on one page and a map of South America on the opposite page; so he thought that New Jersey and South America were of the same size. He also thought that the west coast of South America could best be reached by going across the continent to San Francisco, and there to embark in a ship which would sail straight south. But since he has been in South America, he finds that his impressions of South America in these two respects do not agree with his experiences. Dr. Rusby told us that if a ship from New York City would sail straight south, the ship would arrive several hundred miles west of the west coast of South America. The east coast of South America is fifteen hundred miles east of the longitude of New York City.

South America has every kind of climate, vegetation, and people. The people of whom the Americans have heard the most are the Aztec Indians of Peru. These Indians, before the Spanish conquest, had a high state of civilization. They had Socialism in practice long before More wrote his "Utopia" or Karl Marx wrote his "Capital." Yet to-day the best we can do is to read of the splendor of these Indians in Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," just as we read Herodotus' accounts of the Greeks or Livy's "History of Rome."

ROSTRUM.

On Wednesday, January 19, a debate was held on the question: "Resolved, That the United States Government should enact a rigid Japanese Exclusion Law."

The orders of the speakers was as follows:

Affirmative—Elsky.
Negative—Boxer.
Affirmative—Sichel.
Negative—Wolfe.
Affirmative—Resnick.
Negative—Domonkos.
Rebuttal for the Negative—Domonkos.
Rebuttal for the Affirmative—Sichel.
Decision of judges—Affirmative 1, negative 2.

Mr. Haggett said that this debate showed a good deal of digging for material and facts.

The trials for the school team will be held on February 9. Every member of Barringer having eighteen points may try for the debating team. The question for debate will be: "Resolved, That the principle of the open shop be maintained in American industry."

The Rostrum decided to admit the sophomores to membership in the Rostrum until June, 1921. If the sophomores respond in large numbers, the restrictions as to membership will be dropped so far as they concern the sophomores.

Now, you sophomores, don't fail to show your appreciation by joining in such large numbers on February 9 that the meeting will have to be held in room 69 or the auditorium. Once more, for your own good and the good of the school, we urge you to come!

THE ITALIAN CLUB.

The January meeting of the Italian Club was held on Friday, the fourteenth, in room 42. Faustina Rizzolo was the presiding officer.

Five members of the 1A class in Italian, which has studied Gherardi Testa's "L'Oro e l' Orpello," presented three scenes of this amusing modern Italian comedy. The cast was as follows:

Signora Adelaide ..... Geraldine di Orio
Signorina Sofia ..... Angeline Cardinale
Signor Anatolio Felix ..... Josephine Cerone
Signor Bernardino ..... Regina Padula
Valentino ..... Leonore Rizzolo

The club members showed their appreciation of the efforts of their young fellow members by hearty applause and a unanimous vote of thanks.

The furnishings for the "Italian Alcove" were discussed, but it was decided to forego all decisive action until next term.

A voluntary collection was offered for the purpose of sending Peter Rosamilia, who had been ill, a cheerful greeting in the way of literature.

Later, flowers and fruit were sent with the best wishes of the club members, to Joseph Ciccone, ill at the City Hospital.

GIRLS' LEAGUE.

The January meeting of the Girls' League was held on Wednesday, January 5th. The meeting was opened by the president at 12:45. The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read and approved. The pin committee reported that a design would be submitted at the next meeting. Mrs. Poland told the girls of the work of the College Loan Fund Committee. The speaker was Miss Esther Pickwick, a Barringer graduate, who gave two recitations, "Daddy Long-Legs" and "The Besetting Sin." Every one enjoyed the meeting, and we hope that Miss Pickwick will come again.

PRESENTATION EXERCISES.

The auditorium exercises on Thursday, February tenth, were indeed a great surprise and pleasure to the entire school. A most excellent portrait of Theodore Roosevelt was presented to Barringer by the Past Councillors' Association of the Junior Order, United American Mechanics, of Essex County and vicinity. The Past Councillors' Association is composed of members of the Junior Order who have held official positions. As the Order is composed entirely of American citizens, the Association has three ideals to which it devotes its attention: virtue, as shown by correct personal conduct; liberty, as shown by the many members who answered their country's call; and patriotism, as shown in their desire to carry out the ideals which were originated by the makers of our great national documents, the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution. It is to the last of the three ideals, patriotism, that the Past Councillors' Association is at present devoting most of its attention. The purpose is to advance Americanism or patriotism, and through the public schools it hopes to forward the cause.

Barringer High School is the first school in Essex County to be so honored. This fact is due to its age and to the fact that prompt reply was made to the Association's offer, which provides that all the high schools in the county that so desire may also receive a portrait of Roosevelt.

The presentation addresses here at Barringer were made by Dr. Henry V. B. Darlington, the rector of St. Barnabas's Episcopal Church, and Chaplain Coon of the 113th Infantry, A. E. F.

Dr. Darlington spoke of the many handicaps which Abraham Lincoln had to overcome during his life of poverty and of the poor boy's ultimate success as the sixteenth President of the United States, in spite of his lack of formal education. He then compared Lincoln with Theodore Roosevelt, who had so many physical handicaps to overcome. Roosevelt also attained success as the twenty-sixth President of the United States. From the weak, puny son of wealthy parents, he grew to be a splendid type of manhood. These facts prove, continued Dr. Darlington, that if a man is true American, neither poverty nor riches can handicap him as a servant of his country. By several anecdotes the speaker showed that Roosevelt was firm in the strength of his convictions, not only in religion but also in Americanism. He was a man who gave inspiration to all who came in contact with him.

The chief theme of Chaplain Coon's talk was Americanism, the ideal which Roosevelt so firmly supported and for which he fought. We ought, indeed, be proud of the United States because it has been the native land of so many famous men and women. However, if we want to boast of the United States, we must, indeed, have good reasons as a basis of our boasting. Chaplain Coon said he found six strikingly American ideals expressed in the Declaration of Independence:

1. Absolute independence from all foreign tyranny.
2. Absolute dependence upon the Almighty.
3. Interdependence of all Americans for America and America for all Americans.
4. Equality of manhood.
5. Freedom of speech and of the press.
6. Government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

He believes that women will, in their new political freedom, greatly strengthen the power of the sixth ideal by legislation and other means. Roosevelt did a great service for his country when he showed Americans how to think properly about the operation of the government. He had the ideal of a fair and square deal for all

At the conclusion of Chaplain Coon's talk, the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt was presented to the school. Fred Frost, as the representative of the student body, received the gift with a few well-chosen words. It is the hope of the Past Councillors' Association that the presence of the portrait of the great American will stimulate loyal and lasting Americanism in the minds and hearts of Barringer students.

FACULTY NOTES.

Barringer has three new members to add to its faculty. They are Miss M. W. Rennard, Mr. D. H. Shortell, and Mr. Nappi.

Miss Rennard, who comes to Barringer from Glen Ridge High School, New Jersey, is teaching Spanish at present, in the afternoon session. Her home room is 65.

Another instructor in Spanish is Mr. Nappi, who is a native of the Argentine Republic. Before coming to Barringer, he taught French and Spanish at Central High School here in Newark. Mr. Nappi very kindly consented to tell THE ACROPOLIS reporter of his school experiences in other lands and his opinion of the Spanish language in Spain and in Argentina.

In South America, the seasons are, as every student of geography knows, exactly opposite to those in North America. Consequently, the school of Buenos Aires have their year from February to November, with December and January as vacation months. In the public schools, Thursday instead of Saturday is the free day of the week besides Sunday. One of the most interesting facts is that twice a month, on Thursdays, the students go on excursions with their teachers. In the winter time, they visit churches, museums, and other places of interest. The history teachers make the particular excursion the theme of a short talk. In the spring and autumn, the pupils visit the parks and fields, where the teachers of botany tell about the trees, plants, and flowers. Mr. Nappi taught for a while in Buenos Aires and then went to teach French in Cordoba, Spain, a most delightful little city situated well up in the mountains. At various times in his youth, Mr. Nappi spent about seven years in France, visiting relatives in Paris and Nice or living quietly in some other delightful French family.

Of the various cities in which he has lived—Madrid, Seville, Barcelona, and San Sebastian, which is the favorite summer resort for the Spanish royal family and for the aristocracy—Mr. Nappi likes Barcelona about the best. Barcelona is a city of beautiful parks and fine public buildings. It is one of the most active and industrious cities of Spain. Without Barcelona, one might almost say there would be no commercial Spain. Although Madrid, which is the capital, is a fine city, it is not prominent commercially because of its difficult communication lines. Barcelona has such a remarkable harbor that virtually all ships which sail from Mediterranean ports such as those of Egypt stop at Barcelona on their way to South America.

The people of Barcelona are mostly Catalans or natives of the province of Catalonia. They always seem very friendly, courteous and hospitable. Beside the natives, in the winter there are often a good many English people who prefer the delightfully mild climate of Barcelona to the rigors of an English winter.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to the purity and correctness of South American Spanish. In the schools and colleges there, excellent Spanish is taught, and many natives wonder why more strangers do not go there to study. One advantage which South America has is that the purity of the Spanish spoken by the educated people has never been corrupted by the influence of foreign domination other than Spanish. On the other hand, Spain itself has been subjected both to the French and to the Moors. As a consequence, many dialects have developed, while in South America there are no dialects except perhaps some local expressions which do not affect the language as a whole. In Spain as in South America, the pure Castilian is taught in the schools and colleges.

The third new comer to Barringer is Mr. D. H. Shortell, a native of Canada. He is a graduate of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada, and of the Ontario Normal College for Teachers. For fifteen years, Mr. Shortell conducted a college preparatory school which was affiliated with McGill University. He also did university extension lecturing in English at Laval University, the French Canadian institution.

At the beginning of the World War, Mr. Shortell entered the business world and came to the United States on a war contract. He taught in the Brooklyn and Montclair schools before he came to Barringer. Although a substitute for Miss M. A. Smith, Mr. Shortell is teaching Latin, English, and Algebra.

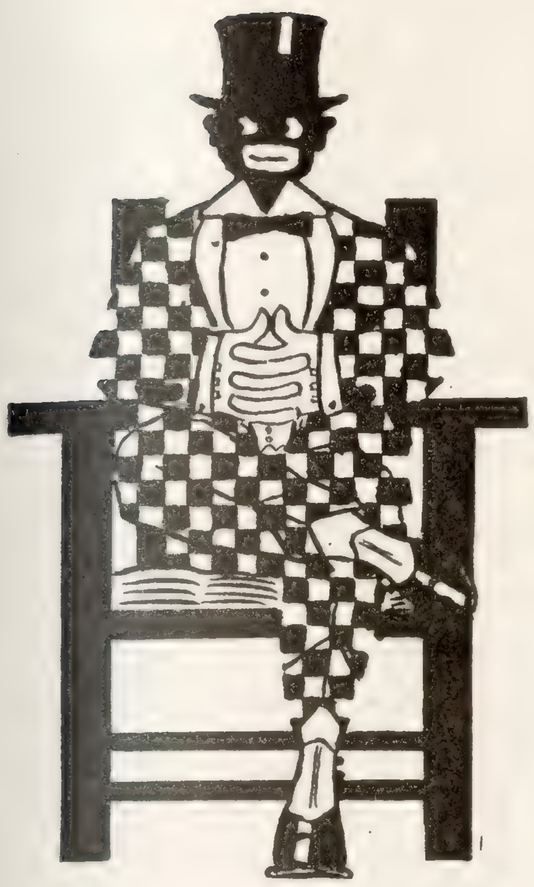
The faculty and students unite in welcoming these new instructors to Barringer.

HOCKEY.

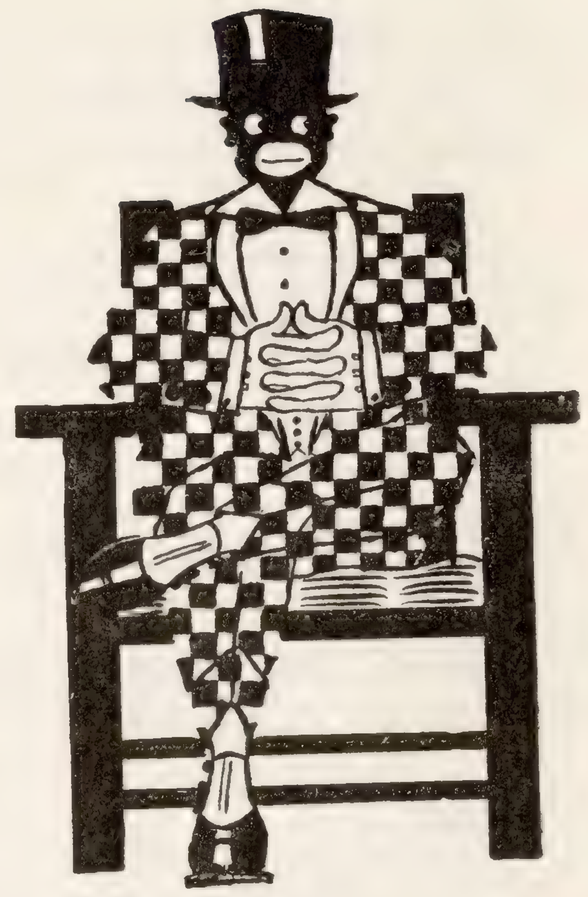
Under the experienced guidance of Mr. Fields and the careful management of "Dutch" Mezger, the Hockey Team shows promising signs of success.

Practice has been held regularly, and one game has been played with Newark Normal, the score resulting in a tie, 0—0. However, owing to the weak condition of the ice, the game was called

Continued on Page Twenty-nine.



Well, Mr. Bones?



ANNE BISHOP, Ch.
ROBERT MEZGER

KATHRYN ELKINS
SAM CHASALOW

CATHERINE WILLIAMS
ELIZABETH DE VOE

IMA WISEGUY SAYS—

A news item says that blondes are disappearing. Another result of the war and the exclusion of foreign dyestuffs, perhaps.

* * *

If you can't see through our jokes, let us know, and the next time we'll print them on tissue paper.

* * *

Some people think they are nearsighted because they can't see a dollar go near as far as it used to.

* * *

Some people specialize on brains; that is the reason why we have so few poor dancers.

* * *

Just to try out your nerves, sit by the fellow who is eating grapenuts.

* * *

What a comfort it is to have a radiator in the room, even if it is a cold one.

* * *

Every young wife can be her husband's last love—if he dies soon enough.

* * *

Lung power is not eloquence—behold the donkey.

* * *

When a young fellow has money to burn, it is easy to get some girl to strike a match.

Teacher—What is the meaning of "unaware."

Beno—Unaware is what you put on first and take off last.

Hotel Clerk—With or without bath, Madame?

Boy—Aw, get it without a bath, mother.

THE WETELLU DEPARTMENT.

[Editor's note: For the benefit of our thousands of readers, we shall from now on conduct a question box. Mr. I. Knowit, the wisest man since Socrates, will have charge of this new department. He will be glad to answer any and all questions (providing, of course, that they get past Mr. Barr.) Put all questions, addressed to Mr. Knowit, in THE ACROPOLIS box in the office.]

Dear Ed.: What can I do to beautify my complexion?—Fallace Wern.

Ans.: We got this recipe from Byrne. To beautify the complexion: Get from the druggist one package of pure rice powder, one pot of rouge, best quality; one powder puff of standard make. Wrap the ingredients up and bury them one mile from home. Dose: One walk, three times a day, before meals, to see if the package is still there.

Dear Knowit: What is meant by an apiary?—Ham Sandelman.

Ans.: An apiary is a place where they keep apes.

My dear Sir: What would be a suitable prize to give the winner of the ping-pong tournament?—Chief.

Ans.: Steam-heated cuff links.

Dear Ed.: The hair is coming out of my shaving-brush. What is the matter with it?—Dutch.

Ans.: It has dandruff.

Dear Ed.: Should a young man propose to a girl on his knees?—Jean.

Ans.: I think the girl should get off.

Dear Ed.: I have heard that Reade is a Baron. Please tell me of what he is Baron.—Owen.

Ans.: Barren of Brains.

Miss Belcher—A woman should get a man's pay.

Voice-from-rear—Most of 'em do.

Mr. Bardsley—Well, what were you up to last night?

Fletcher—Twelve o'clock.

She—I never heard any one swear so since the day I was born.

He—Must have been an awful pile of it then, though.

Notice: A window always sticks even if it has a pain.

Paul—That tackle always gets his man.

Pauline—So do I.—Widow.

Bradley—Chew's got an awful lot of cheek.

Brucklebank—How's that?

Bradley—He's all puffed up over being a saxophone player.

DIVISION OF LABOR.

"I see Jack and his father are carrying on the business."

"Yes; the old man does the business, while Jack does the carrying-on."—Widow.

Millie—I just know he loves you.

Sillie—Why—yes, occasionally.

Miss Coult—If Shakespeare were alive to-day, he'd be looked upon as a wonderful man.

Chew—Sure, he'd be three hundred years old.

"I Wonder if He'll Miss Me," sang the young lady with the cracked voice. And from the balcony came the answer, "If he does he ought never to be trusted with a gun."—Siren.

FOOLED HIM.

She—Can you drive with one hand?

He (eagerly)—You bet I can.

She (sweetly)—Then won't you please pick my handkerchief up off the floor?—Sun Dodger.

Doctor—You say your son has an abnormal appetite? Why?

Mrs. Bauchelle—He's lost all desire for things that make him sick.

Ask Feldman about the blotter trick to be used in exams. He tells people for a quarter apiece. No wonder he's getting rich.

IN CHEMISTRY.

Mr. Dumm—Always remove acid with a sponge.

Read—Can't any more holes be eaten in the sponge?

HEARD IN 77.

Mr. Dumm (speaking on foods)—Mush is very delicious.

Miss Elkins—I don't like any kind of mush.

Of Latin it might well be said:

All have died who wrote it.
All have died who spoke it.
All will die who learn it.
Blessed death! They earn it.

Miss Clark—Is McArthur a good dancer?

Miss Cheney—No, but he dances well.

A RUSSIAN PROVERB.

Before going to war, Pray once.
Before going to sea, Pray twice.
Before getting married, Pray three times.

Dipple—Is your girl a Moving Picture Fan?

Metcalf—I'll say so. Sometimes we have to drive seven or eight miles away from home to find a show she hasn't seen.

1st Stude—Aw, shut up!

2nd Stude—You're the biggest boob in the school!

Prof. (angrily)—Boys, don't forget that I'm here.

"Who is the most important king in winter?"

"King Cole?"

"No; Philip the Great."

Poor Lady Sympathizer with Wounded Soldier—My dear boy, did the shell explode?

Doughboy—No, ma'am, it crept up and bit me.

"What is the difference between a hairdresser and a sculptor?

"They both work with heads?"

"No. A hairdresser curls up and dyes, while a sculptor makes faces and busts."

Samson was a good actor. He brought down the house.

In Current Events.—Blodgett reports three men lost in a balloon. Some balloon, we say.

When you hurt yourself quite badly,
And for some swear words search your mind,
And yet still find you're lacking sadly,
Say, "Oh, sugar," it's refined.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Wallace Fern, our well-known football player, is the season's best catch. Many of our debutantes are casting their lines for him.

Harlan De Voe, our fashion-plate, wore the same tie two days in succession last week. As our friend Cicero would say, "O tempora, O mores, what is the world coming to?"

One of the greatest social events of the season, at which many notables were present, was the pink tea given by De Voe and Frost, in the Sanctum, last Thursday. Dancing was enjoyed by all, music being furnished by the Zu-Zu Quintette, a snappy jazz band. Blodgett and Bevenetto entertained with one of their "L'Apache" Dances. The singing of "Home, Sweet Home" by Kaddie Elkins made a fitting conclusion to the afternoon's festivities, everybody being ready to go home.

Stewart Benjamin Franklin Blodgett says that because bread is the staff of life, some people think that life is a loaf.

Mezger—Guess I'll go to the dance a la stag.
Donellan—Why?
Dutch—Because I have no doe.

Felix—Are the pictures in the rogues' gallery framed?
Eyetad—Yes, in guilt!

1A—Only fools are positive!
1B—Are you sure.
1A—I'm positive.

Cutler—Do you approve of the Volstead Act?
Dutch—Well—er—no. I never enjoy vaudeville.

An average woman gets off a joke about as successfully as she gets off a street-car.

A DEFINITION.

Each flea firmly believes that he lives on the most wonderful dog in the world. That's patriotism.

You'd think that women would realize that the only place you can find a "permanent wave" is in the ocean.

He—Can we keep our engagement secret?
She—Oh, yes, all of the girls promised not to tell.

"That was old," as Mr. Taylor would say, "before the Dead Sea took sick."

"Or," may we add, "before the Red Sea got its first coat."

Mezger offers this cheer:

Horse and wagon,
Horse and wagon,
Team, team, team.

Sympathy is now being extended to friend Stevens. By this new system of two sessions he loses his morning nap every day. Better luck next time.

Isn't it wonderful what even a little study will do for one? Ask Reade, he knows.

Absent-minded Professor (meeting his son)—Hello, George, how's your father?—Ex.

She—Don't you think that talkative women are the most popular?
He (wearily)—What other kind is there?—Ex.

1B—Wonder what kind of chickens they had in the Stone Age?
1A—Plymouth Rocks, I suppose.

Washington—De do' was locked, an' so was de winders, but dere was de ghost in de room lookin' at me.
Jemima—Go 'long, how could the ghost get in if de room was locked?
Washington—Why, ain't you evah heaard of these skeleton keys?

HOW NOT TO.

Don't never use no double negatives.

SEEING THROUGH.

1B—Jack should be able to see through his father.
1A—He should what?
1B—Because his father is transparent.
1A—Because what?
1B—Yes, his father is cross.
1A—What are you getting at anyway?
1B—And trans means cross.
1A—Wh-wh-wh-a-what?
1B—Then his cross father is transparent.
1A—I see.

We marveled at the continued absence from classes of certain studes during pageant week! What a godsend that pageant was! Let's have another. What do you say, Reade?

EXCELSIOR.

The snow was snowing hard and fast,
I got up out of bed at last.
A fire! that's what I must make.
To start it with, what shall I take?
Excelsior!

In a packing house by which I passed
The packing men were working fast.
A shout came through the open door,
A packer cried, "We need some more
Excelsior!"

At noon in a lunch room I did eat.
They fed me on some shredded wheat.
I looked upon my meal with doubt,
I seemed to hear the packer's shout,—
Excelsior!

At night when on my bed I lay,
Besides the horsehair and the hay,
My mattress held some other stuff.
The word I heard to-day—enough!
Excelsior!

—East Orange News.

Harlan DeVoe recently informed us that a Ford sedan is a mushroom. Oh, Harlan!

FOR THE RAPID-FIRE VOCALIST.

"The Band Played Annie Rooney"
"By the Grave of Uncle True."
"The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls"
"Played Dooley-ooly-oo."
"Just Break the News to Mother,"
"In the Cottage by the Sea,"
"That the Old Man's Drunk Again"
"Under the Bamboo Tree."
"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,"
"Mister Captain Stop the Boat,"
"'Tis Just a Little Golden Curl"
"From Widow Noolan's Goat."

Miss Darnell—I think Wagner is wonderful, don't you?

Schiffman—He was the best shortstop Pittsburgh ever had.

Miss Darnell (not dismayed)—You should see the "Barber of Seville" as soon as possible.

Schiffman—Thanks, but I shave myself.

FIRST AID.

Tom—Quick, call a doctor, Jack drank some ink by mistake.

Jim—Oh, that's nothing; let him eat some blotting-paper.

NOTHING TO IT.

1B—When you go home to-night, don't walk over the log across the brook.

4A—Why?

1B—Because I took it away.

Among the passengers aboard a ship crossing the Atlantic was a man who stuttered. One day he hurried to the captain. "S-s-s-s-s," he stuttered.

"Oh, I can't be bothered!" said the Captain. "Go to somebody else."

The man tried to speak to every one on board, but no one would wait to hear what he had to say.

At last he came to the Captain again.

"Look here," said the Captain, "I can tell you what to do when you want to say anything. You should sing it."

Suddenly, in a tragic voice, the man began to sing:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never
brought to mind,
The bloomin' cook fell overboard, and is twenty
miles behind."

If we ever get to be members of the Board of Education, certain drastic measures will be taken immediately. Our conception of the ideal school year is as follows: there will be so many holidays that when a school day rolls along, the event will be so unusual that it will be celebrated as a holiday. VOTE FOR US!

Father—Harold, why do you suppose our old hen persists in laying eggs in the coalbin?

Lester—Why, I suppose she has seen the notice: "Now is the time to lay in coal."

"There's a college graduate at the door. He wants a job."

"What can he do?" asked the self-made man.

"He says he's pretty good in Greek."

"Umph! Tell him I haven't sold one dollar's worth of goods to Greece since I've been in the export business."

Mr. Crosse—What are you chewing?

Wiebe—Candy.

Mr. Crosse—Where did you get it?

Wiebe—A fellow gave it to me.

Mr. Crosse—What fellow?

Wiebe—Aw, it won't do you any good to know 'cause this was his last piece.

Margaret Durand—Do you know how to write a love letter in French?

Miss Kohn—No. Do you?

Miss Durand—Sure. My French teacher taught me.

He (to old maid)—Would a pair of stockings hold all you want for Christmas?

She—No, but a pair of socks would.

BARRINGER BOOK REVIEW.

"The Life of Sol Marder"—by Dr. Joseph Sorotsky, Ph.D. An intimate study of the great scientist by one of his closest friends. This book relates in detail the struggles of the Great Marder until he reached the peak of his fame. We especially recommend this book to the 1B's.

"The Social Unrest of America"—by Clement Golden. A political treatise written in an unusually readable form. Mr. Golden shows a vast knowledge of his subject. We are inclined to believe, however, that he has Bolshevik tendencies.

"Rambles in Religion"—by Prof. Cosmo Higginbottom. There can be no doubt that the professor knows his subject, but due to the depth of the book, we hesitate to recommend it.

"Jilted"—a delightful novel by Harlan DeVoe. This book is especially good reading. In reading it, one is so impressed with the story, that it hardly seems possible that it is the work of the author's imagination; it rather seems to be the recital of a personal experience.

"The Evils of Tobacco"—by Robert Mezger, Jr., M.D. In this book the famous physician clearly shows not only his own abhorrence of the weed, but also the disastrous results occasioned by its use. All users of tobacco should read this book.

"Our Problems"—by George Haight, LL.D. This book deals with the world's problems today. The author has treated it in his characteristic way: by the minute dissection of each and every problem. It shows that the author is a very deep thinker.

Drowning Man—Quick, throw me a life-belt.

Rescuer (a tailor)—Yes, sir! What size around the waist?

"What are you going to run? The mile or two-mile!"

"I don't know. I'll tell you at the end of the mile."

Magazine Editor—So you are the chap who invented this joke, are you?

Contributor—Yes.

Mag. Ed.—Well, d' you know, I've been wondering for six years who originated it.

PREPARED.

Mother—What wet your hair?

Tommy—I fell into the lake.

Mother—But your clothes are dry.

Tommy—Yes, I took them off because I was afraid I might fall in.

Tenderfoot—Say, Tom, is that smoke or fog?

First-class Scout—Well, it's either smoke or fog and it isn't fog.

"Nothing that is false does any one any good," thundered the orator.

"I've got false teeth," said a voice near the door, "and they do me a mighty lot of good."

A DRY ANSWER.

Scoutmaster—Johnny, what are you doing there in the rain?

Johnny—Gettin' wet.

Teacher—Why is it that lightning never hits twice in the same place?

Jimmie—Because after it hits once, the same place isn't there any more.

SEE!

Camp Outfitter—I want to see some mirrors.

Storekeeper—Hand mirrors?

C. O.—No; some that you can see your face in!

First Scout—When does two from five leave one?

Second Scout—Never; it always leaves three.

F. S.—Don't you be so sure about that. What about taking "st" from "stone"?

Man—What are you fishing for, boy?

Boy—Whales!

Same Man—But there are no whales in that small pond.

Same Boy—No, nor nothing else, so I might just as well fish for whales.

Corporal (to Rookie, who is clumsily handling gun)—I told you to take a fine sight. Don't you know what a fine sight is?

Rookie—Sure, I know what a fine sight is. A boatload of corporals sinking.

HAND-PAINTED.

First Boy (as he shows his friend over the house)—See that picture there? It's hand-painted.

Second Boy—Well, what about it? So's our chicken-house.

First-class Scout—Say, boy, don't you know that you can't get your kite out of that tree that way? Why don't you use your head?

Tenderfoot—Because my neck isn't long enough.

DEEP.

Father—A man learns most who begins at the bottom.

Son—What about a boy learning to swim?

A man, seeing a store sign, stating, "We keep fresh eggs," said to a friend: "Keep is right, for the ones he gave me were the bad ones."

First Scout—Say, what is it that you can put in a barrel and the more you put in, the lighter it gets?

Second Scout—Don't know.

First Scout—Holes.

RIGHT.

To l-i-v-e the wrong way is e-v-i-l.

IF IT WERE A NEWSPAPER HE COULD HAVE DIGESTED THE NEWS.

Blinks—The undercrust to that chicken pie you brought me was abominably tough.

Waiter—There wasn't any undercrust to that pie, sir; it was served on a paper plate.

DIEGES & CLUST

15 JOHN STREET

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Manufacturing Jewelers for the Leading Colleges, Schools and Associations. Class, Fraternity, Club and Society Pins. Medals and Badges, Loving Cups, Plaques and Trophies of All Descriptions. Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware.

A ONE MAN QUARTETTE.

A celebrated singer, Lew West, was in a motor car accident one day. A paper, after recording the accident, added: "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in four pieces."

First Artist—Been doing anything lately?

Second Artist—Oh! knocked off a couple of girls' heads last week and finished over the Mayor of Mudmouth's Old Lady.

Eleanor—How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?

Anne—Don't let them turn in.

Romantic Girl—Would you not love to gaze upon Niagara forever?

Not So Romantic—Oh, no; I should not like to have a cataract always in my eye.

ANNOUNCEMENT!!

The De Voe and Frost Detective Agency take this means to formally announce to the public that they have dissolved partnership. They wish to thank their former clients for their kindnesses in the past. The business and good will have been bought by Maggie Durand, who is now operating the company under the name, "Durand Detective Bureau."

Compliments of

A Friend

The Two Hesitators

Among men who advertise and buy printing under the present unusual business conditions of to-day are two kinds of HESITATORS.

The man who thinks business is dull and the other who has too much business and thinks it is wasteful to go on when he finds it impossible to take care of any more business.

If you are one of the two men above mentioned you are overlooking wonderful opportunities right here.

Business has been kind of dull in some lines, but it is improving rapidly and no matter whether business is poor or good with your concern you should think of the future and plan for your printing and advertising NOW.

It costs nothing to call upon our representative and talk over your advertising and printing matter, but it is a pleasure for us to help you plan.

A phone call is all that is necessary to see our representative

Phone Bloomfield

Two Seven Eight

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS

(INCORPORATED)

36 Broad Street Bloomfield, New Jersey

WEST SIDE TRUST COMPANY

Springfield Avenue and High Street — Newark, New Jersey

Unexcelled in Strength and Ability
to Render Every Banking Service

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT. We pay 2 per cent. on checking accounts.

INVESTMENT DEPARTMENT. We pay 4 per cent. on time accounts.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT. Drafts on all parts of the world.

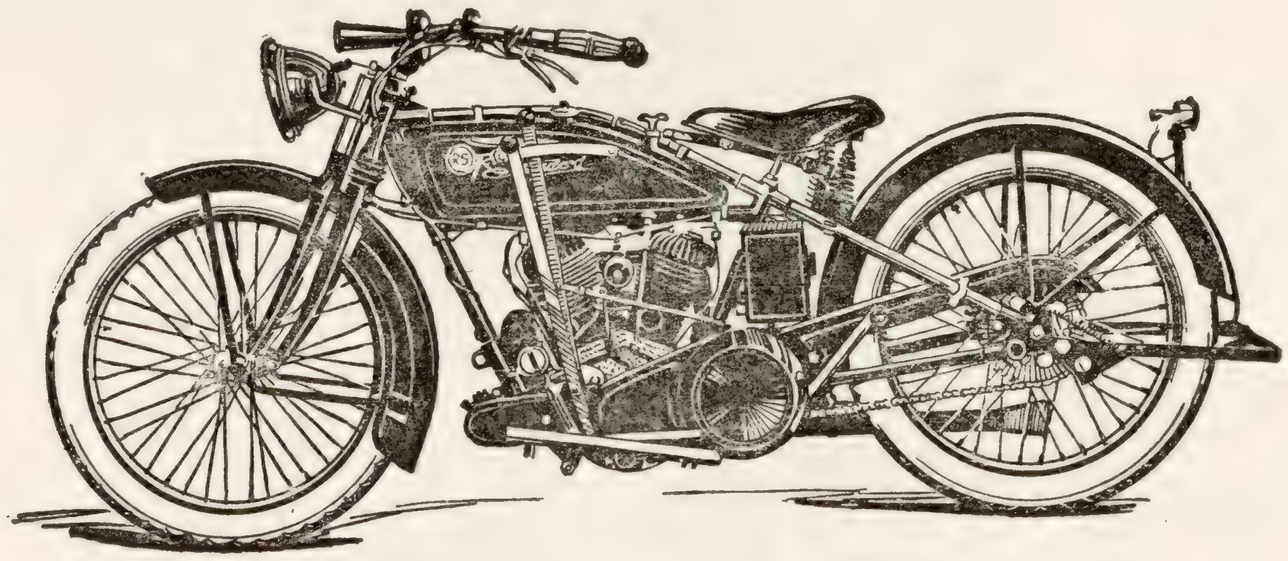
SAEE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT. Boxes $5.00 per year and upward.

TRUST DEPARTMENT. Wills drawn free of charge when this Trust Company is named as executor.

United States, State, County and City Depository. Depository in Bankruptcy.

WORLD'S MASTER MOTORCYCLE

Reading Standard



Largest Stock of New and Used Motorcycles and Bicycles in Newark

W. H. Buchanan Co., Inc.

488 Broad St. Newark, N. J.

THE WHITE AIRPLANE.

Continued from Page Eight.

ed by a company which professed to use it for carrying important communications from city to city for big business houses. However, although a number of Secret Service men had examined and watched the 'plane before starting, they could not lay their hands upon the bills and so could not accuse the owners. This fact brought to my mind the 'plane's strange behavior over 'North Knob.' From here on I worked by conjecture.

"I secured permission to have a 'plane set at my disposal, and, remembering that the 'White Airplane' operated only on windy days, I awaited such an one.

"The first day of this kind I 'hopped off' about an hour and a half before sunset. I flew toward 'North Knob,' planning to reach there just before sunset. Arriving there I climbed high enough so that I could not be seen from the ground. From time to time I focussed my glasses on 'North Knob' and at last I saw the 'White Airplane' approaching the summit.

"The velocity of the wind over the summit of the mountain was between sixty and seventy miles per hour. Since the 'White Airplane' was flying just over the summit, and heading directly into the wind, its own speed was counteracted by the wind velocity and in relation to the earth the 'plane was hardly moving forward.

"Through my glasses I saw that the top of the tallest pine upon the summit of 'North Knob' had been stripped of its branches. Fastened to the top of the pine was a small platform. Upon the platform was supported a hoop, and to the hoop was fastened the inevitable packet. I had surmised something of this sort and was therefore not surprised to see a weighted anchor lowered from the 'plane, which was laboring somewhat in the high wind. However, after a few minutes of manœuvring, the anchor engaged the hoop and the whole was drawn up. The steadiness of the wind afforded the pilot much greater safety than if it had been blowing in gusts. The pilot of the 'White Airplane' had been so absorbed that he had not noticed another 'plane and I had kept as much as possible out of sight. However, I had seen enough to convince any one, and, still keeping out of sight, I flew towards Cleveland. When still about ten miles from the field my observer called Cleveland Field on the wireless. Upon receiving an answer he reported what we had just witnessed. The manager of the field ordered us to remain in the air, circling the field and waiting for the 'White 'Plane's' approach.

"You have doubtless heard how the 'White Plane' unsuspectingly approached the field; how the pilot, being completely bewildered by the circling of three mail-'planes and the piercing beams of the searchlights from whose blinding path he could not escape, landed and surrendered himself, although he had thrown the packet of bills overboard at the first sign of danger. But this evidence was not needed, for the whole tell-tale printing establishment had been discovered at the foot of 'North Knob' before even any warning had been received by the forgers and the whole band was captured," concluded Lansdon as he settled down comfortably to the enjoyment of a well-earned cigar.

COBRA'S VENOM.

Continued from Page Ten.

in his palm. He gazed at it as if he were hypnotized by its fiery color. Undoubtedly he was thinking of the blood it's color suggested that had been shed by numerous human beasts in trying to get possession of it.

Parker literally woke him out of a trance when he asked of John, "Isn't she a beauty?"

Crawford only nodded, for the unusual size and magnificence of the gem had left him speechless.

Postage Stamps

Bought and Sold

Packets, Album Sets and Penny Books. Send for price lists.

Fred E. Prohaska

244 MARKET STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

Store open until 5:30 P. M.

"SCIENCE."

Continued from Page Eleven

captor. But Watson held her. He placed her on the table. The Great Scientist took the ether——

Ding-a-ling-a-ling.

The Great Scientist uttered an unscientific word.

"Hello!"

"What's that!"

"No! This isn't Broad 713. It's Long 1131."

He went back to the table. The hapless female was about to be sacrificed on the altar of Science.

The Great Scientist administered the ether, and with a final twitch, she expired—the poor CAT.

"Her only regret was that she had only nine lives to give to Science."

THE "SEE" FIEND.

Of all pests, the most distressing,
I am sure you will agree,
Is that most obnoxious person
Who is always saying "See?"

Lest your intellect so feeble
May not grasp the truth he states,
He this grim interrogation
Constantly interpolates.

"I just told him what I thought, see?
He replied, see?" thus and so.
Then I licked him, see?—no kidding!"
That's the way his stories go.

If those fellows always "see"-ing
Got what simply they deserve,
There would be a swift destruction
That would kill the optic nerve.

Then in total, blackest blindness,
They should pass eternity,
While a million imps danced round them,
All forever saying "See?"

WE HAVE THE ICE CREAM
YOU HAVE THE MONEY
LET'S GET TOGETHER

Castles' Ice Cream Co.

Fannette Mfg. Co., Inc.
MAKERS OF
Fine Dresses
104-108 West 27th Street
New York City
New York

Wm. Ward Crane
Electrical Contractor and
Supplier
665 Mt. Prospect Avenue
Phone B. B. 7711 Next to Bakery

Phone 8082 B. B. Res. Phone 1801 B. B.
Jos. Gialanella
Meat Market
POULTRY
276 PARK AVENUE, NEWARK, N. J.

TO "JEAN."

From morning 'til night, 'tis Jenny's delight,
To chitter and chat without stopping.
There isn't a day but she rattles away,
Like water that is constantly dropping.

When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to twitch his tail.
"Well, I never," was his comment,
"Here's a mule that's been in jail!"

Lester—Are these shoes too far gone for repair.

Shoemaker—No, sir, I don't think so. A new pair of uppers, with soles and heels, will make them all right. The laces seem fairly good.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

A mountain range is a large-sized cook-stove.

The feminine gender of Bull is Mrs. Bull.

3B Physics Exam.—The thermometer is an instrument for measuring temperance.

The equator is a menagerie lion that runs around the earth.

John J. Connelly James J. Plunkett

Connelly & Plunkett

Incorporated

Florists

Choice Cut Flowers and Plants

Floral Designs and Palm Decorations
for All Occasions

TWO STORES

Branch Store

20 Belmont Avenue

Phone 903 Waverly

MAIN STORE

Bloomfield and Mt. Prospect Avenues

Phone 4471 Branch Brook

Newark, N. J.

A Position

Action is Opportunity
DAY or NIGHT

We not only give you the best there is in Business Secretarial Education, but we also do everything in our power to make your stay at Drake's pleasant.

SECRETARIAL COLLEGES
NEW JERSEY AND NEW YORK

171 Market Street, Newark
226 Main Street, Orange
120 Broad Street, Elizabeth
207 Broad Street, Elizabeth
171 East Front Street, Plainfield
Other Drake Schools in New York, Brooklyn, Passaic, Paterson, Union Hill, Bayonne and two in Jersey City.

The Merchants and Manufacturers National Bank

of Newark

Capital and Surplus Over $ 3,000,000
Assets Over $18,000,000

TRUST DEPARTMENT

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

The Romance Shop

134 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE

Ice Cream and
Confectionery

Orders Delivered

DOHRMAN'S

HIGH GRADE

Candies

OUR HOME MADE A
SPECIALTY

168 BLOOMFIELD AVENUE
NEWARK, N. J.

Forest Hill Market

Quality Free Deliveries Service

Meats, Poultry, Fruits
and Vegetables

795 Mt. Prospect Ave. Next Door to Decker's

You Can Enter Coleman any Monday

And when you enter Coleman you are on the way to a good position and success in business life. No wide-awake young person ever regretted taking a course in Coleman.

Call, write or 'phone 7907 Market for catalog.

Coleman Business College

Academy and Halsey Streets, Newark.

J. KUGLER, JR., Principal.

Phone Market 9810

Newark Photo Studio

PORTRAIT AND COMMERCIAL

PHOTOGRAPHERS

H. GINSBERG, Prop.

855 Broad Street Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Simpson—How pale your little brother looks!

Willie—I shouldn't wonder. They haven't fed it anything but milk since it was born.

"Do you always stutter like that?" said the doctor.

"N-n-no," was the reply, "only w-when I t-talk."

Hick—This match wouldn't light.

Kick—That's funny; it did a while ago.

Teacher—What's an alibi?

Smart One—Being somewhere where you you ain't.

IN THE LUNCHROOM.

Nell Reynolds—This soup is cold.

Waitress—It ought not to be. This is the third time it has been warmed up to-day.

Showman—An' now, ladies and gents, there's this 'ere halligator. Note the length. Fifteen feet from the tip o' the nose to the tip o' the tail, and fifteen feet from the tip o' the tail to the tip o' the nose—thirty feet in all!

"What a haughty thing that old porcupine is!"

"Yes, he's awfully stuck up, yet he has a lot of fine points."

Frank Chew, our celebrated suburbanite, has taken to practising on a moaning saxophone, much to the annoyance of the neighbors and live stock of Roseville. If the cops get you, Frank, you have our heartfelt sympathy.

A STUDY IN LIGHT.

"As you see, gentlemen, at present you see nothing; why you see nothing, you will see directly."

Harlan DeVoe says that a man of flighty disposition should never be made cashier of a bank.

Mr. Barr is organizing a bald-headed men's society. Their motto is: "We meet to part no more."

Eric Ruckelshaus says it's great to be famous. He asks us to think of having your face on a ten-dollar bill. We'd rather have our hands on it, say we.

Bill Perry says that when a man longs for money, he is generally short.

We recently heard that Ray Bauchelle, our lightweight champion, was to have a job weighing sugar, coffee, etc., in the American Food Store. Has he got the job yet?

The College of Engineering

OF

The Newark Technical School

A local institution of college grade giving regular 4-year professional engineering courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemical, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering.

The certificate of a first-class 4-year high school or equivalent work is required for entrance.

The College of Engineering offers to the young men of Newark and vicinity an opportunity to get a sound technical education at home at a reasonable cost.

A certain number of scholarships are available to young men of promise who have not the necessary funds.

Inquiries should be directed to the Registrar.

Newark Technical School

367 High Street, Newark, N. J.

Phone Mulberry 162.

BEAR IN MIND

the matter of a Bank Account. Don't wait until you have a large sum to start. Small amounts will grow into larger ones.

City Trust Company

Of Newark

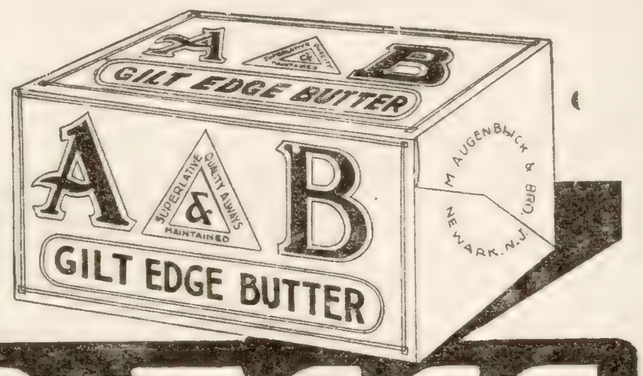
122 ROSEVILLE AVENUE

Open Every Business Day

at 7:45 A. M.

"EVERY GOOD BANKING FACILITY."

A&B BUTTER & EGGS

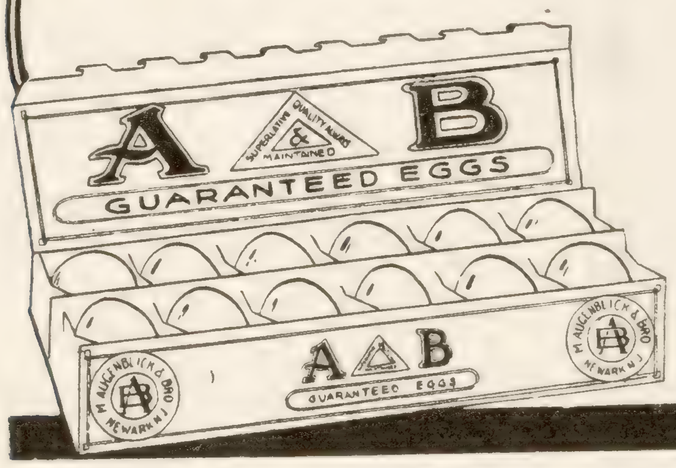


M. AUGENBLICK & BRO.

(Incorporated)

Newark Houses

16 Commerce Street **28 Cherry Street**



Paterson House

3-5 Bank Street

HOCKEY.

Continued from Page Fourteen.

in its early stages. Our men having the advantage, would probably have scored.

A New Jersey Interscholastic League will most likely be formed with Montclair, Dickinson and East Orange among our opponents.

There is a fine display of good material in our team, and it is up to all of us to support them.

ISIS AND OSIRIS .

Continued from Page Six.

search, we found all of the missing articles on the person of Khlaamh Chowdhah, known to the trade as Lefty McGuire, expert pickpocket, and his pal, Allah Khaart, with the underworld cognomen of Shorty Burke. We took them to the Precinct and they were there incarcerated.

March 30. Now that I have recovered from yesterday's excitement, financial worries again assail me. Ruin stares me in the face.

March 31. Oh, joy unbounded! To-day I received an official-looking document which contained a letter which read, "Inclosed you will find a check for your share of the reward for the capture of McGuire and Burke," and a cheque for five hundred dollars. *Five hundred dollars!* Just think of it! Allah Khaart was right, after all!

Day and Night—Phones: B. B. 408; Waverly 3119
Estimates Cheerfully Given.

Louis Feldmann

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

Industrial Light and Power Installation. Electrical Fixtures and Supplies.
Washing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners and Electric Irons.
House Wiring a Specialty—Factories Maintained.
Office and Salesroom
435 ORANGE STREET NEWARK, S. J.

Phone Branch Brook 1458

Park Ave. Tailoring Co.

367 PARK AVENUE NEWARK, N. J.
(Corner Twelfth Street)

Ladies Tailoring

Dresses, Suits, Skirts Made to Order. Also Ladies' and Gent's Cleaning, Dyeing, Pressing, Remodeling and Repairing.

We Call For and Deliver.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

THE FORD SEDAN

An all-weather car—this pretty thoroughly describes the Ford Sedan.

In rain or cold weather it is a cozy, comfortable enclosed car; in warm weather, an ideal Touring car. The plate glass windows are raised or lowered in a minute's time. The Ford Sedan is always in accord with your wishes. Finely upholstered; equipped with electric starting and lighting system; demountable rims and tire carrier in rear; instrument board on dash; the Sedan is a car of convenience and class, and has proven a favorite family car. Yet, the reliable Ford chassis and motor are a part of operation, and durability. The Ford Sedan is just as popular on the farm as in the city. It fits mily needs everywhere.

Come in and see the Ford Sedan. If you want one, place your order now. Orders re filled in the same sequence they are received. Make us your Ford headquarters, as we are experts with the famous "Ford After-Service."

Ward Auto Sales Co.

316 Broad St., Near Belleville Avenue

J. W. WARD, President. WAYLAND E. STEARNS, Treasurer.

Ballantine's

GOLDEN GLOW

GINGER ALE

EXTRA DRY

It Touches the Spot—
Be You Thirsty or Not

Made, bottled and guaranteed by
P. Ballantine & Sons
Newark, N. J.

Albrecht—Girls are like trolley-cars. If you miss one, you have to wait for another.
Salisbury—Why?
Fish—I've waited for trolley-cars myself.

A cat out on our old back fence
At midnight tried to sing.
I heaved a brick right at its head,
And now it's dead, poor thing.
(Written by no one less than our old friend, Raymond Burr Bauchelle.)

All the world's a stage, but to any one who has ever witnessed an amateur theatrical performance the fact is apparent that all men and women are not actors.

Stewart—How's Johnny Cairns getting along?
Bauchelle—When I saw him last, he hadn't a coat to his back.
Fred—Too bad! Where'd you see him?
Ray—Bathing at Asbury.

Frost—Can you give the definition of officiate.
DeVoe—Sure, to fill a position.
Fred—That's funny! I heard of a man who died of "a fish he ate."

Chief (to 1B)—Are you in pain, my little man?
1B—No, the pain's in me.

M. Kleiber & Co.
Finest Creamery Butter
SPECIAL BLEND COFFEE, 36c LB.
White Rose Pure Food Products.
FOURTH AVENUE
(Corner North Eleventh Street)

GO TO
S. Weinberg
FOR
High Grade Delicatessen and Groceries
263 Park Avenue Thank You

Compliments of
M. Kraemer
46 Centre Market
Newark New Jersey

Do Your Tires Wear Out or Blow Out?

A tire properly cared for is like the famous "One Hoss Shay"—

When it wears out, all parts wear out at the same time —without waste.

The tire that is neglected or abused will not perform so satisfactorily.

The neglect or abuse of tires will surely bring about their failure and destruction.

We keep you out of trouble, instead of the unsatisfactory and costly practice of getting you out, after you are in difficulty.

This unquestionably assures you: MORE MILEAGE — MORE COMFORT, and MORE SECURITY.

Our SERVICE is free to you. It means much in saving to you.

IS YOUR CAR EQUIPPED WITH GOODYEARS?

FORD SPECIALTIES STEAM VULCANIZING

Telephone 6151 Branch Brook

Branch Brook Service Station

W. CICENIA, Prop.

AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES—TIRES AND TUBES.

255 Park Avenue, Newark, N. J.

They Are Best, But—They Cost No More—
Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes

BREAD

For a Good Day's Program

The study and play of children—the toil and labor of grown-ups all demand food rich in nourishment.

Bread heads the list as the best of all foods. It is rich in force and energy. So easily digested that the smallest kiddie thrives on it; so substantial that a day laborer depends upon it for strength.

When Hungry—Eat

FISCHER'S

Buttercup (Wheat) or Delicious Rye Bread

The Best of All Breads—Just as Bread is Best of All Foods

FRESH AT YOUR GROCERS EVERY DAY.

Fischer Baking Co.

Newark, N. J.

Money in the Bank

is one of the best friends that you can have. It is a friend in sickness and in health, in trouble and in pleasure; it is the golden key that opens the door of opportunity; it is a shield against want; it is a guarantee of independence.

While it is in our Savings Department your money will work for you day and night. Interest that it earns will in its turn earn more interest and as a snowball going down hill gets larger and larger, so your balance will grow.

Make up your mind now that you will at once start your own interest-bearing savings account. Two dollars will open one in this, the largest banking and fiduciary institution in the entire state of New Jersey.

Fidelity Union Trust Company

Broad and Bank Streets, Newark

Savings, Commercial Banking, Trust, Mortgage, Title, Investment and Safe Deposit Departments.